Let Me Take Care Of You

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Let Me Take Care Of You

by APastandFutureNerd

Summary

One morning, Will wakes up to sneezing and coughing Hannibal who doesn't want to accept the fact he has caught a nasty bug.

Notes

I figured we need more Hannibal sick fics so I wrote this as I caught a nasty cold myself. This was written when my mind was a bit hazy from the fever, I hope it makes sense now. Enjoy this little oneshot <3

One early morning, Will awoke to the sound of groans, sneezes, coughs and the pungent, sour pheromones of sweat and distress. His eyes fluttered open and he yawned. The omega shifted closer to his mate in bed and took a closer look to see what was going on. Hannibal's maroon eyes, usually so sharp and attentive, were glossy; his cheeks were flushed. His nose had a nice shade of red from the sneezing, too. A few ash-blonde-gray bangs clung to his forehead.

Even though Hannibal was suffering, Will found the sight adorable and slightly hilarious. Mainly because his alpha always aimed to be in control of everything, including his and Will's health. "Mornin", Will said, a purr rumbling in his throat. "Good morning Will," Hannibal mumbled, not meeting the omega's curious and concerned gaze. "I'm sorry if I woke you up."

Will quickly stole a kiss from Hannibal's dry lips. "You could have woken me up anytime during the night," he chided him. Hannibal gave him a tired smile. "I didn't want to interrupt your peaceful sleep, mylimasis. Besides, I am not feeling that bad." Recognizing the denial, Will scoffed at these words.

Hannibal bestowed Will with another kiss, pulled his body up and put the duvet aside in order to get out of bed. His blue, silken pajama was full of sweaty spots. A snarl left Will's mouth when he watched his mate.

"What do you think you're doing-,"

The alpha tried to stand on his legs but he was shaking until he lost his balance when he was near the bedroom door. Will hissed at Hannibal's stubbornness, threw the duvet away angrily, and pushed himself off the bed to help his mate. "Jesus, Hannibal,"Will sighed. He shook his head in disbelief at the sight of his alpha cowering on the floor like a hurt animal.

"Come on, let's get you back to bed."

"I don't need your help," Hannibal rasped and glared at him with defiance. His glossy eyes gained a red gleam for a second. He tried to pull himself up by the chair and the door but his wobbly legs gave away again. Will hunkered to his knees and caressed Hannibal's cheeks in order to calm the frantic and frustrated man. "I have so many errands to run," he growled. "My patients need me. Jack wants my advice. You need me. Who's going to cook and look for you?"

"Listen, I know it's hard for you to accept but you are sick and you need to stay in bed. Your patients and Jack will understand. And I am perfectly capable of taking care of myself as well."

Hannibal pulled his face into a slight pout and remained silent. Will rolled his eyes. He didn't know his alpha could behave like a petulant child when he was sick. But he guessed that was to be expected when someone obsessed with self-control and perfection fell ill.

Fuckin' hell.

A wave of flowery, placating pheromones, a blend of lavender, thyme and vanilla, rose up from Will's scent glands and wafted through the air. Will kept stroking Hannibal's hot cheeks and produced another comforting, Omegan purr. "You always take care of me," Will said, pulling up Hannibal's chin. "Now let me take care of you, *Alpha* ."

He spoke the last words in his gentle Omegan voice.

The pupils of Hannibal dilated. After a few moments of silence. Hannibal finally relented and reciprocated eye contact again. "I guess you are correct about the misjudgment of my physical health," he said through gritted teeth. "Good boy," Will said in a teasing tone, disheveling his mate's sweat-soaked hair. Hannibal growled in annoyance as he was usually the one calling Will that during sex.

"Now let's get you up ." Will paused and scrutinized Hannibal.."Or do you need to go to the bathroom?" Hannibal grunted and nodded weakly. Will hugged Hannibal and pulled him up with the additional effort of his mate who clutched Will's back for balance. There was groaning and panting from both of them but they managed and made it to the bathroom with slow steps.

Will helped Hannibal settle down on the toilet lid in the bathroom and strip from his soaked clothes. During this procedure, Hannibal watched his caring actions with a somewhat guilty look, "I'm sorry. An alpha should not…."Will glared at him, pulling off Hannibal's pajama top with more force than necessary. making the alpha hiss.

"Don't you dare to give me this toxic alpha mindset or another apology. Understood?"

Hannibal wore a sullen and hurt expression on his face and pursed his lips.

Will's face softened. "Look, it won't don't do you, me, and our pup any good when you overstrain yourself." Hannibal's jaw fell when he heard the subtle declaration. His eyes widened slightly. "Y..you're pregnant?"

"The pregnancy is still in an early stage," Will said, smiling affectionately. "But yeah, I am." Hannibal's glossy eyes brightened. It was a good sign. The omega discarded Hannibal's sweaty top and then pulled off Hannibal's pants. "Are you happy about it ?" Hannibal inquired.

Another bellowing coughing fit followed, making Will feel the sharp pain in the chest and the exhaustion through his enhanced empathy for some brief moments. He took in deep breaths and rubbed the nape of Hannibal's neck with circular movements.

"Yeah, but as I said, it's way too early to tell if it's going to keep."Will cast the sticky pajama into a laundry basket. "I'd rather not want us both to be disappointed." From a drawer nearby he withdrew a neatly folded grey pajama and briefs. His cerulean eyes focussed on Hannibal again. The alpha seemed pensive and still processing what Will had revealed.

"And you?"

“Very much so. But maybe you will have to tell me again.” Hannibal flung a lopsided smile at him. Will let out a chuckle. “I guess I should have told you that when you are less…hazy.” He pointed to the walk-in shower and the bathtub. “Do you feel up for a shower or a bath ?” The alpha shook his head.

Instead, Will cleaned every part of Hannibal’s athletic body with tepid cloths. He was as gentle as he could and treated his body with reverence and love. Especially his soft tummy earned some additional rubs. Hannibal shivered and trembled as Will washed him. “W..Will..it’s c..cold.” “I’ll be finished soon, honey,” Will purred in response. He smiled again at Hannibal’s childish whining.

When he had finished, he discarded the washcloth as well. He put the briefs and gray pajamas on Hannibal, then they left the bathroom again. Will sat the alpha down on a chair near the door while he changed the bed sheets swiftly and procured meds and water. He helped the alpha settle on the bed, gave him Tylenol with the water as well as another medication that Hannibal told him to get, and tucked him in.

“Thank…you, mylimasis,” Hannibal rasped in his hoarse voice, then closed his eyes and dozed off. The omega lingered for a moment at Hannibal’s side, casting a loving glance at him, brushing away the rebellious bangs from his eyes before he left the room to take care of breakfast, himself and do tedious phone calls with patients and Jack Crawford (“No, Jack, I can’t come in either. Hannibal is like a big baby when he’s sick. Bye”).

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